TALES..
IN.....
TAPA...
..1909..

ELEANOR....
RIVENBURGH

HONOLULU, HAWAII
PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC PUBLISHERS AND PRINTERS
1909

DEDICATION

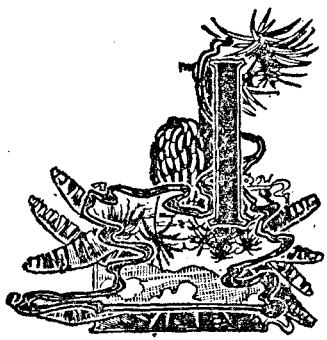
To my dear mother and father, with whom my happy childhood was spent in these sunny islands, this little book is dedicated.

HAWAII

SOMETIMES, in the soft stillness of the night
I dream of thee; I touch thy tropic flowers;
Pausing alone, in palm-protected bowers
I feel the tremor of a rare delight.
Thy children pass with smiles, and garlands bright;
While ever and anon through sunny hours
Thy velvet breasts are bathed in rainbow showers,
Adding but to thy beauty in their flight.
And ere a crimson sunset fades, on high
Rises a crystal moon beyond the sea
Charging with silver all thy living streams.
Let me not waken, on my lips a sigh,
Doubting thou art a sweet reality.
Be thou for aye the island of my dreams!

In the shadow of a giant cocoanut tree.

LEIALOHA



IN THE shadow of a giant cocoanut tree she stands, leaning against the dumb companion of her sorrow, while the ardent tropic sun floods the heaving bosom of the sea. In her eyes broods the shadow of an unutterable woe; her tremulous mouth expresses infinite longing; in her heart hope struggles with despair.

Her face, once beautiful, now faded, is a familiar one about Honolulu, and the old-timers have long since ceased to be attracted by her appearance. Day after day at the same hour Leialoha may be seen,—a pitiful, solitary figure leaning against the old tree, waiting. A dove, heavenly messenger, seeks to console her. It alights near her feet and silently ventures toward her.

"Say, is he coming? Will he be here soon?"

Her soft native accents thrill with a faint joy, but as the weary hours pass, and the long shadows of the neighboring palms measure themselves over the yellow sands, despair succeeds hope.

"Again too late, too late!" she murmurs, and sinks down on the grass holding her throbbing

temples in her hands; the fountain of her tears is long since dry. The dove timidly hurries by and with a pathetic smile she watches it crouch, preparing to depart.

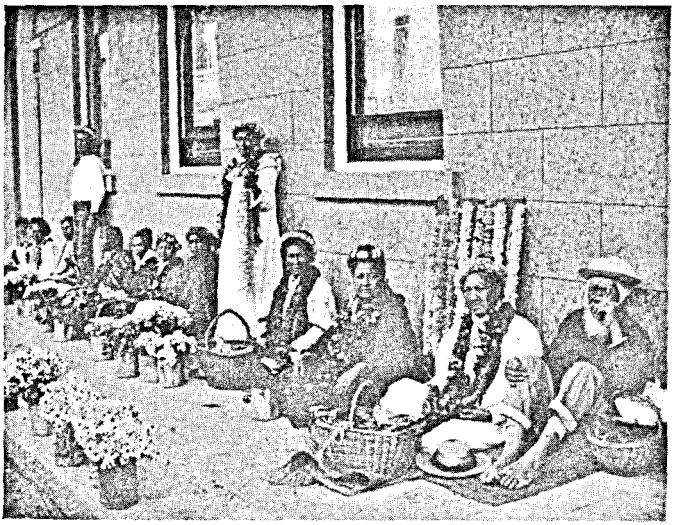
"You will remind him?" she cries, eagerly. "Go, then, and tell him he promised to meet me here."

Freighted with a kiss from her slender fingers, the bird soars high into the air and sails away.

Sadly I watched her, the faded remnants of a gaudy holoku sagging about her ankles, her black uncovered hair falling free about her stooping shoulders. I did not then know that this human derelict, this poor, deserted wreck, was once as beautiful as a tropic sunset, that her starlike eyes were iridescent with the joy of youth and happiness, that her heart once radiated with the sweetest and most pitiful romance I had ever heard. It was from a lei-woman that I learned her story, who one day told me as we stood on the wharf, my eyes resting on the pathetic figure that had passed.

When Leialoha was a child her father died, leaving her to the sole care of her sorrowing, dark-eyed mother. Lei-making is slow and weary work, yet early and late the patient mother toiled, while the happy child played among the butterflies in their Nuuanu Valley home. The various plants growing around their cottage flourished under her gentle care, seeming to return in silent gratitude sweet and delicate perfume, and making the home-coming of the worn-out mother an oasis in her life of drudgery.

But the long, hard rains of winter, and sitting on the sidewalk all day weaving leis proved too great a hardship for the heart-broken woman,



"Sitting on the sidewalk all day
weaving leis."

whose frail body was not equal to the task, and finally it became necessary to send Leialoha out to face what she had striven to avert. So the child, now blossoming into girlhood, took her mother's place among the lei-sellers of the streets.

Time passed. With anxious eyes the fading mother saw the increasing beauty of the girl, and one sad day, just as the golden sun was tipping the hills with a dying glow, she drew Leialoha to her bosom, and, calling down the blessing of the Great Akua and the Aliis who had gone before, she feebly laid bare her aching heart.

"My child, take heed and hearken unto me. Once I was young and beautiful as thou, and innocent. But a *haole* came into my life and ruined it. Leialoha!" she cried, rousing herself while her eyes blazed as fire, "He ruined my life! He threw my love aside! He—laughed at me! Beware, my child, and listen to my words. Marry a true Hawaiian; that is best for such as we, and beware of the heartless malihini!"

She ended with averted face, and murmuring a short but broken prayer.

"I will have no one, only my dear mother," sobbed the girl, and, falling on her knees, Leialoha threw her arms about her mother, with loving words and gentle ministrations, trying to revive her. But it was too late, and when she rose from that bed of sorrow Leialoha found herself alone in the world.

Youth is kind, and the months gradually healed her afflicted heart. Leialoha, selling her flowers, slowly learned to be happy, humming sweet little native airs as she weaved the scented blooms. Her companions began to observe a devel-

opment of her character, the unfolding of a strange depth of feeling hitherto undivined. The foolish trivialities so dear to the feminine Hawaiian heart, in Leialoha were lacking. She was imbued with a marked sense of honor and justice, no matter at what disadvantage to herself. She developed a womanliness seldom met with in the people of her class, and in consequence she became an object of mild ridicule to those who inwardly admired her demeanor.

Leialoha's beauty was remarkable, and attracted the admiring glance of every stranger, but, dutifully remembering her mother's injunction, she scarcely raised her eyes to the faces of the purchasers who were good enough to buy her leis.

So one by one the warm days passed by while the flower-girl built air castles, dreaming many a golden dream as she twined creamy plumarias or scarlet carnations with green maile into loops of sweetness.

And then Roy came.

The girl could not in any way connect her promise to her mother with Roy, try as she might. It was all so easy, so natural, so harmless, as she thought. She wondered if there had ever been a time when she had not loved Roy, and, if so, what could it have been like.

She found herself thinking of him as her nimble fingers worked, bending over her flowers to conceal her blushes in their fragrant masses whenever joking mention was made of him by her fellow-workers. She found herself counting the hours for him to call for her in a certain store after her basket was packed, to take her far up the

"She twined green maile into loops of sweetness."

valley to her home, whence they would walk among far stretches of wild guava bushes to a mound in the distance, there to sit together and, looking out to sea and far, far down to the tops of buildings and shipping, inhale rare warm breaths of ginger wafted by the mountain breeze.

One night following their usual meeting Leialoha kneeling in prayer sobbed silently, remembering her mother. Had her sacred promise, after all, been kept? True, Roy was a *haole*, but the thought, ominous as it was, seemed overshadowed by the intensity of her devotion to him. So, silent, she knelt in semi-prayer. She could not tell whether in secret joy or regret she whispered to her spirit-mother that he was soon to marry her. That this was so she knew, for had he not parted from her that night in the happy thought that tomorrow at an appointed time she would meet him at a quiet nook of Waikiki, where he would slip upon her finger the true token of his love? His passionate words of devotion thrilled her with delight; her last thought was of him as she fell asleep.

Then Leialoha waited. Day after day passed. Condolences were whispered to and fro among the lei-sellers, and Myra, the thin girl, who seemed to think a good deal of Leialoha, told her sadly that one day she had seen Roy—it must have been the very day he had planned for their meeting—down on the wharf when the Alameda went away, all covered with leis, and stooping and laughing as a young *haole* girl tied another one around his neck; a very pretty lei it was, too,—in fact the longest of them all, which she had just bought from Myra.

I pictured the man in his well-appointed home who perhaps never since then has given a thought to the pretty lei-girl of Hawaii, while Leialoha—

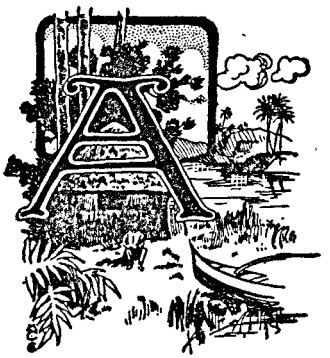
She leans against the old tree waiting!

TWILIGHT ON A PLANTATION

LEANING upon a bridge-rail dreaming, I
Beheld the beauty of a dying day;
A gold- and salmon-tinted evening sky,
The clear-cut lines of mountains far away
A cane field's rustling—familiar sound,—
The quiet river wending to the sea,
A faint night-scent of lilies all around,
While a great peace descended unto me.

THE WIDOW McBRYDE

The Story of a Hawaiian Plantation



AS MAY STONE and Mr. Arnold were keeping company, everybody knew it. They were not formally engaged, but everybody agreed they would be just as soon as Mr. Arnold formally proposed, and the word "everybody" was one to be relied upon. It was also known that Miss Stone felt very sure of Mr. Arnold, and realized that her manifold charms exerted upon him a pleasing and most desired effect. She had often insisted in a diplomatic way on directing his attention at times to others less fortunate, as she put it to him,—less attractive, she told herself,—for the double purpose of being unselfish and confirming a contrast when again they met.

"Would you care very much," he asked her one night as they sat together on the screened lanai under a flickering hanging-lamp, "if I devoted my time to others instead of spending every evening with you? Suppose there were other girls here, real pretty ones, you wouldn't

mind a bit if I took them out, would you?"

She winced at the suggestion and barely concealed it, but, throwing back her head, carelessly fanned herself.

"Well, the best proof of that, George," she forced herself into replying, "is to try it and see."

She laughed a little, but only at the thought of the others; they were so plain, so uninteresting.

Her defiant remark was all but forgotten when a rumor began to circulate that a mystery was soon to arrive in their midst,—a feminine mystery, at that,—and the thought suddenly flashed upon her that it would be terrible indeed if her threat should be realized.

So it came about that, thrilling with anticipation and sitting on its haunches, as it were, the community awaited a sight of the new arrival. When female Waialua heard of the advent of Mrs. McBryde to the plantation it sniffed; when the female noses of Waialua, thrust forward to witness her arrival, scented the fact that Mrs. McBryde was young, fair of face, and eligible, they sniffed; and when the report was created that Mrs. McBryde, a widow, was not averse to a little coquetry now and then, it was quite a breezy day in those parts.

For there were some very severe social laws among the gentle portion of the community which were enforced at great peril, and the most rigid of these was that the woman who ventured within their gates must leave all beauty behind. She might be young if she wished to be, but attractive—well, she remained so at her own risk, for the horror of the plantation was a new coquette; there

was a sufficiency of the old ones for that. So the Widow McBryde, who was young and fascinating, became a "piece de resistance" of the gossip-mongers.

"Have you seen her yet, Mrs. Wilson?" inquired May Stone. She lay in a steamer chair, drying her hair. "I have heard she is rather pretty,"—this with a touch of raillery. "Do you think so?"

Now Mrs. Wilson, who did not think so, not wishing to be rudely thrust from the plum cakes and occasional custard puddings of her young friend, hesitated.

"Well," she returned at length, with a look of distress, "I don't think she is; I wouldn't call her very good-looking though she is pretty stylish, and they say she is very taking with the men." A look of displeasure overspread the other's face.

"And the single men," hinted Mrs. Wilson. "I suppose will be just daffy over her!"

At this point the girl's hair was viciously shaken and a deadly pause ensued. Then Mrs. Wilson thought she saw a gleaming eye peering out at her between the wet tresses.

"Has Mr. Arnold met her yet?"

The question was directly put and brooked no equivocation. It was a luscious moment for the visitor. Realizing her importance, she mysteriously drew up her chair. "You won't let this go any further, will you?" she began in a flutter, "but I heard on good authority that he not only has met her, but that he takes her out."

This fact was so interesting, alarming, and worthy of investigation, that later in the afternoon the pair, one in a shirtwaist and skirt, the other

airy and cool in a big, loose holoku, called upon Mrs. McBryde.

She greeted them cordially, extending her hand.

"Aloha," she said in welcome, "for that is your word, is it not? I am gratefully pleased that you have come to see me."

The visitors' eyes traveled slowly along the contour of the newcomer's gown of dainty lawn, perfectly fitting her fashionable figure, then the silence demanding an answer, May Stone boldly ventured on the import of her call.

"We are always very glad to see people from the States, but the gentlemen here will appreciate you even more, I guess, than we. They seldom see anyone as attractive as you."

She had not meant to be friendly at the beginning, but in spite of what she had heard and the hallucinations of her own vivid imagination, she could not but be drawn to this woman by her magnetic charm of manner, and felt herself responding to her hostess's alluring smile.

"I consider it most charming of you to pay me such a pretty compliment," was the response, "and I think, if you will pardon me for saying it, that Waialua is not the place for diplomats. You should live in Washington, my dear; that's the city for you."

The girl blushed slightly. She had not expected this.

"I have met very few people here so far," continued the hostess. "My address book contains but one wee small name, and that is Mr. Arnold. I fear I should be lonely were it not for him, but

he is my salvation. Of course," she broke in abruptly, "of course you both know Mr. Arnold?"

Yes, Miss Stone and Mrs. Wilson were acquainted with Mr. Arnold. They both thought him very pleasant.

"Indeed he is!" averred the stranger warmly, a mischievous smile playing about the corners of her mouth. "And so thoughtful, placing his saddle-horse at my disposal, and sending his Jap boy every day with the cutest notes to enquire as to my wants. I am very happy here so far, and am really fond of Mr. Arnold."

That settled it. War was immediately proclaimed by Mrs. Wilson and the ladies of her following upon the Widow McBryde, yet they realized that as far as competition was concerned May Stone stood slightly at a disadvantage. They did not miss the fact that the widow was shapely and knew how to put on her clothes; their eager eyes daily absorbed her soft, fine skin, the appealing little tendrils of dark hair which hung on either side of eyes as deeply blue as the sea depths, and the refined and quiet manners of the woman. The island girl herself felt that although she was younger, more childlike and innocent, it seemed to her that the very experience of the widow, the style and finish gained in a foreign land but added to the charm which she felt in herself was sadly lacking.

What wonder then after all, thought she, that the few men who lived near her cottage began to primp a little and stand by their gates or doorways whenever "a certain party," as she was affectionately dubbed by the wives, daughters or sisters of said men, was expected to pass that way.

Many times she did pass, just altogether too often to be necessary, was the opinion of some. At times it was to enter the big noisy mill, where numbers of Japanese workmen turned out tons upon tons of sugar while she slept. Sometimes for a stroll through cane-fields at break of day, large dew-drops still clinging to the graceful blades, resembling lilies-of-the-valley, up to a knoll, whence she looked down on vast areas of rustling green fields that stretched from the mountains to the sea. Again, it would be snap-shots of those queer little creatures who in reality are women, but who might be anything, garbed in blue gaiters bound round the ankles, along with a short, knee-length skirt, loose blouse, and high white turban extending toward the skies with its absurd sailor hat perched upon the top.

But on Sundays she invariably drove with Mr. Arnold in his stylish rig, her chiffon sunshade fluttering about her face as persistently as her smiles. They went to Haleiwa, the fashionable hotel, about two miles along the coast, and, seating themselves in a quiet nook on the wide, cool lanai whence a glorious view spread before them, they would read, chat, sip lemonades (the ladies of Waialua would solemnly depose it wasn't lemonade, though,) and perhaps, as Jack Harvey told about seeing them, stroll hand in hand like children to the quaint rustic bridge to watch the quiet river and its fishing-boats till dinner-time.

After dining in a corner of the lanai at one of the nasturtium-bedecked tables, with covers for two, they would drive leisurely home in the moonlight through cane-fields with glorious shadowy

"They went to Haleiwa."

mountains looming purple before them, and the roar of the sea behind.

"I cannot understand," exclaimed Mrs. Brown, with a toss of her head, and laying stress on each individual word, her mouth snapping after it like a trap, "I simply cannot understand why that McBryde woman ever came to this place."

"It is queer, isn't it," assented Mrs. Wilson, who always spoke in a quick, nervous way, as though she feared discovery before completing her sentence. "If she had come to teach the Jap children at the government school, why, even that would be some excuse, but she doesn't do a thing but flaunt good clothes at us. I do believe," she added, glancing about and keeping an artificial smile ready in case the widow should appear, "do you know, I do believe she has just come here to make an impression on Mr. Arnold!"

It was at one of the frequent gatherings of the sort that had come in vogue to decide upon the proper course to pursue in their attitude to the widow. In the end it was resolved to be cynically agreeable whenever occasion demanded they should come in contact with her, but in order to restrict such occasions to as few as possible, she must be ignored in all their social functions.

"Do you think she will be invited to Miss Stone's pink tea?" enquired "Ma" Reynolds, plump and good-natured, who, assuming a blase attitude, as though that which came so rarely were a frequent occurrence in Waialua, continued:

"I am not sure whether I shall go or not. My flor-de-lees dress is in the wash this week, and my Portuguese girl is so busy"—a slight lifting of the eyebrows—"I can't have another one made in

time. But if I don't go you must all be sure and tell me what the Widow wears."

"Now, Ma Reynolds," essayed Mrs. Wilson, with a cackling laugh, "don't you dare think for a minute you're not going, and just on account of that dress. Now what's the matter with your holoku?"

"Which one?" asked Mrs. Reynolds.

"Why, the white one with the blue anchors all over it. It's real pretty, and I think it's very becoming to your special type of beauty. You don't need to fear any rivalry," she chirped, "because I heard from a very reliable source, though I don't care to mention any names, that the Widow is not invited."

"Well, I know positively,"—thus the lady with the trap,—"that she'll get left if she's expecting any invitation to my silver wedding. Now you can just take that from me."

It was true. Mrs. McBryde was the recipient of no card to where Mesdames Reynolds and Wilson, attired in holokus, in company with May Stone, in a simple dimity dress, assembled to do honor to the event, nor did she even seem aware of it as she rode by on the proffered horse.

The subject which had aroused the keen interest of the plantation ladies, and the suppression of which caused them much uneasiness, was carefully avoided that afternoon till after the girl had taken her leave, but she had not closed the gate ere their feeling found vent.

"I think it's just a shame," snapped Mrs. Brown as, drawing aside the curtain, she watched the retreating figure of the village belle, "the way George Arnold has treated that girl! He ought

to be ashamed of himself, keeping company with her straight now for over a year, and just because a Merry Widda flaunts her few sached (with the accent on the last syllable) clothes at him, for him to be shining up to her,—I think is an outrage!"

"Well, now," said Mrs. Wilson, "the strangest part of it to me is that he's just as nice to her as ever, and she's just as nice to the Widow as he is to her. It's a ring within a ring, and I can't understand head nor tail of it."

At this point a strong odor of cabbage floated through the open door and Mr. Brown arose as an indication that their presence was no longer desired.

"Guess Jim'll be home in a minute, as my dinner is about ready. Glad you came," she added as Ma Reynolds reluctantly made an effort to rise. "I'd like to ask you to stay and eat with us but I don't prepare very much for just Jim and me."

"Yes, the two old hens came," replied Mrs. Brown in answer to her husband's inquiry, "and Ma Reynolds is getting so fat," she added as she spread the viands before him, "that I just hate to ask her to come and see me any more. And as for Mrs. Wilson, she hasn't got a good word to say for anybody!"

When the news came that George Arnold was about to issue invitations for a dance at Haleiwa in honor of Mrs. McBryde of Washington, D. C., great excitement prevailed. Portuguese sewing-women were in great demand and many and gorgeously ruffled were the pink, green and blue dresses prepared for the event.

At length, after two weeks of a tension that bordered upon delirium, the fateful night arrived

and the whole population drove over in rickety hacks to a scene of beauty and revelation. Japanese lanterns festooned in fantastic designs cast upon the river a pink glow. Small sampans fluttering with pennants and shaded lights, canoes in the form of floating banks of flowers, headed by a launch to which they were attached by scarlet ribbons and whence, from its flag-draped precincts, floated the strains of Hawaiian music, made an aquarian procession that awed even the unbelievers.

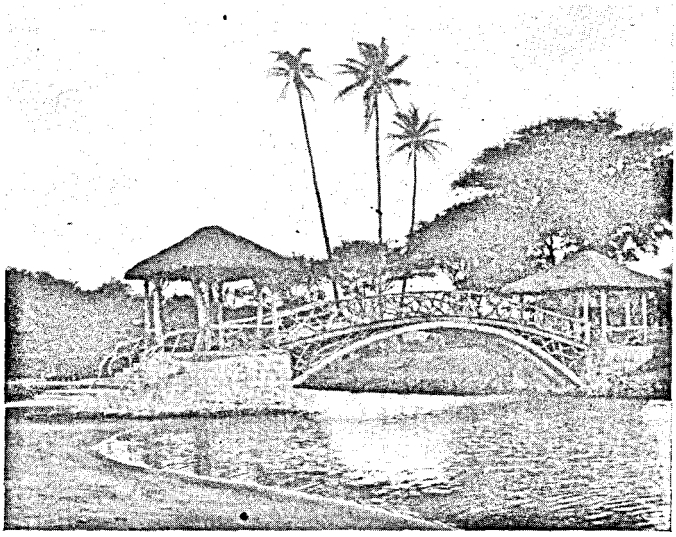
"Always told you he'd come out ahead on those sugar stocks," proudly asserted Jim Brown.

"Yes, and I always told you that May Stone never made half enough effort to get him," snapped his wife.

And then a strange thing happened. Of course they had expected that George Arnold would reveal the reason of his mysterious behavior, that now here, in the presence of the populace, he would announce his betrothal to her in whose honor he had taken upon himself to act as host to the most stupendous affair in which Waialua's society had ever participated. But when he arose at supper and, holding high his glass of champagne, suggested a toast to May Stone, the sweetest, most lovable, little girl in the whole world, whom he soon hoped to call his wife, curiosity was at the bursting point.

But the mystery was solved, however, when the couple were driving home.

"Yes, I love her very much," said the girl gently, "and we are the best of friends. At first I was afraid you would marry her, and then I was afraid that you wouldn't. She is so far superior to



" . . . and watched the quiet river and its fishing boats till dinner-time."

me in every way, and as you are going back to your home in Washington, just think how proud you would be of her."

"I am proud of her," replied the man, "as a sister."

"So you mean that she has accepted you in that capacity?" She raised her dark eyes to his innocently as she asked the childish question, and as he glanced at her, in the moonlight, he pressed her hand in his.

"A man may not marry his sister, dear," he said very gently.

"His sister?" exclaimed the girl, mystified. "Why, what has his sister——I don't understand."

He settled himself comfortably back and, tossing aside his cigar, placed his arm around her.

"Will you let me tell you a little story?" he said. "Once upon a time there were a young lady and a young man."

"Yes."

" 'Would you care?' asked the man.

"Said the girl, 'Try it and see.' "

A slight flush overspread her face, but he did not observe it.

"About this time a letter came from the man's sister, who was a writer. She wanted to come to the islands for a trip and to gather material for her work. The brother wrote back as follows: 'Dear Helen—Come along. There's a nice little cottage near me that you can occupy, and I will look out for your wants. Leave the two children with Ben and, remember, you're a widow. Do this for your loving brother, George.' "

There was a pause.

"And now let me tell you, little girl," he said, "that is, if you haven't drawn your own conclusion, that the young man is I, the young lady you, and my sister the 'Widow' McBryde."

He took her left hand and, holding her close to him, slipped on her fourth finger a solitaire, whose brilliant gleams shot sparks of fire in the semi-darkness.

"But there was another reason, dear," he murmured, "why I wrote my sister to come."

The girl was silent. It was hard to understand, and seemed too good to be true.

"Yes?" she asked, vaguely. "And that was?"

"To meet you," he said, as he took her in his arms.

EBB-TIDE

DUSK, bearing silent shadows of the night,
Hovers ghostlike o'er with arms outspread;
Apollo from his chariot of light
Gazing as if to stay, departs instead,
Laughing upon the darkness he forsook;
And rosy-tinged nature, fading now,
Leaves this world with a loving, ling'ring look,
And one bright kiss of gold upon its brow.
Then silver linings suddenly break through
And tip yon storm clouds frowning threat'ningly;
Ah! moonlight ever old yet ever new,
I tremble with the moment's ecstacy.

THE HEART OF NONA

EACE unfathomable abounded everywhere. Above were dense, overhanging branches of interlacing trees, the sleeping butterflies, the mountains, the stars, the pale moon; beneath, the sea, lapping on the rough stones.

Gaunt and worn, from a life already nearing the threshold of its close, she made her way blindly to the ancient tombs of the fathers of her race.

From afar came the tapping of kava stones, where Sosimo, the chief, and Lieutenant Watson sat drinking the unctious beverages and listening to the weird singing of the lithe Samoan girls; all round throbbed the incessant rhythm of the sicardi, enhancing the night's quiet; once, a soft, seductive ripple of laughter floated out from a secluded hut amid the trees, to die away into oblivion, leaving peace supreme.

Hurriedly, clandestinely, as though fearing detection even in that remote spot, Nona crept, her thin fingers nervously passing through strands of

her straggling hair, or clutching at the remnant of cloth which bound her frail limbs. At last, gaining the braining-stone, upon whose roughened surface, the stains of blood of long ago rested, she knelt, with many solemn incantations.

"Help me but find the way," she mumbled in her native tongue. "Oh, fair and beautiful spirit, lead the way. 'Tis not for naught thou hauntest me in my dreams. Help me to save her. I shall bide thy will."

And again, low, foreboding, as the sullen storm clouds that gather over Matautu:

"Hear me, oh, hear me, Tui Bouli, god of my fathers!" she muttered. "Hear me, oh, hear me, Tui Bouli, god of the night!"

With a sudden burst of light, the moon's rays feel upon an object which glittered at her feet. She stooped and touched it. It was a knife, cold and sharp, dropped by some passer-by, perhaps, but curiously in tune with the words of her request. So, accepting it as an omen, she buried it among her rags, and disappeared.

* * * * *

In the hut was all festivity, for the birthday of the village taupo, and all the tribes of the neighboring settlements had assembled to do homage to Lupie, brave and beautiful, selected for daring, to lead her people in time of war, and for her unparalleled grace and purity.

Sosimo, the young chief, saw naught of that gathering but the lovely face of Lupie, her soft, dark-brown hair fine as the silken cobwebs that, suspended from opposite trees, overhung the Tivoli road, smoothly parted and rolled back from a brow as clear as a summer sky. He saw her

"As the sullen storm-clouds that gather over Matautu."

eyes, mischievous, appealing, and the tiny dimples that at times played about her well-shaped mouth.

But Lupie, glancing up from beneath her heavy brows, was oblivious of his presence as she slyly caught the look of admiration of the young officer, while she languidly pounded the dry kava-root between two stones upon her lap, acknowledging his silent challenge with a smile and toss of her pretty head.

"Kava kuo he—e—ka," sang the "eye of the chief" in a monotone, while Lieutenant Watson, clapping his hands thrice, accepted the cocoanut shell from a bronze Hebe, and quaffed the concoctoin at a gulp, spinning the empty vessel in a straight, unswerving course back to the girl who brewed it.

Lupie's eyes kindled with pleasure and admiration, as the Samoans applauded approval, and she laughed merrily in her confusion.

"You are not a novice in the customs of my people," she said.

Lieutenant Watson looked straight at the girl, and his eyes met hers.

"It was to please you that I did it," he said in reply.

Sosimo heard the graceful tribute, and nodded his approval. It was gallant in the young officer, and Samoans adore gallantry.

And then, suddenly, without previous preparation, a number of maidens and men rose, and squatted in a semi-circle before the assembled guests. Lupie sat beside Lieutenant Watson, as the Samoan etiquette demanded, and they watched the "siva-sivas," those wild gestures and songs, wherein a dozen graceful women and a dozen stal-

wart men, sitting cross-legged on the floor, keep time to the rhythm of a tattoo, swaying their half-naked bodies to its every phase. Now wild, exuberant, passionate, it tore the very heart-strings in a frenzy of joy; again, softly dying, it sobbed away into quiet grief.

Few there are who can hear those harmonies and behold the swaying of the bodies untouched, and the man and the girl who sat silently drinking in the scene were not exceptions. The girl's parted lips, dreamy eyes, and flushed cheeks betrayed her emotion, and the young American thrilled with the ecstacy of beholding her unawares. So the spell of the song fell upon them, and when good-night was said the man held Lupie's hand in both his own for a long, long time.

They understood each other.

* * * * *

Away out in a shaded and secluded spot of Matautu, the rising moon lighted two figures, and for many nights it had lighted Lupie and the officer there, whispering words of love. The girl was tall, graceful, and thrilling with the poetry of the land. On this night her soft silken garb fell in folds about her body, her supple fingers were jeweled with odd rings of tortoise-shell with inlays of silver in emblematic designs, while ear-rings of the same fell almost to her shoulders. They sat close together on the broad white beach, behind them clumps of fau bushes, and the quiet sea lapping at their feet.

"I fear this is the last time, Ernest," she said sadly, "that I can meet you here. Old Tai, the house-woman, she who guards us village maidens

Lupie.

by night, is growing restless to know where I am spending all my time. So let us be happy tonight, dear," she broke off smiling, "while we may."

The man took her hand, a strange tenderness filling his heart. He could not judge this child of nature with those of his own race. What he would deem boldness in them was innocence in her.

"Tell me more about yourself, Lupie," he said. "Where were you born, and what was your childhood like?"

"Oh, my dear one," she answered, "till I met you I was happy. When I was very young, the good missionary and his wife who then lived here took me to live with them till I was a grown woman. They were very, very good to me, and I loved them as my own. I do not recollect my father and mother, and they never spoke of them. That is where I learned to speak English, and many other things. But when the taupo of the village of Tungasi died, and I was chosen by the tribe to take her place, I had to go, and then when the further honor of wedding their chief, Sosimo, was bestowed on me I was the happiest girl in Samoa. Of course you know usually taupos do not marry, but Sosimo was good enough to fall in love with me, and the chief's word is law in these islands. I thought I loved Sosimo, and I was content to resign my place as taupo to be exalted as his wife. But now——"

Lupie dropped her chin between her hands, her elbows resting on her knees, looking fixedly out to sea.

"Now?" hinted the officer, taking her hand in his own.

"Since I met you all is changed for me. There

seems to arise in me a repulsion for all those I used to love. It seems somehow, sometime, I was different. I cannot regard you with awe, as the other Samoan girls do, and I believe in you. Oh, dear, dear boy," she said suddenly, in a tone of mingled joy and resentment, "why did you ever come into my life? And what will happen to me when you go out of it again?"

"I will never go out of your life," said the man quietly.

"I am betrothed to Sosimo," she answered. "How can you overcome that?"

He arose, drawing her up by her hand, and took her in his arms.

"Love will find a way," he quoted, and added, "Why, I would stop at nothing to obtain you for my own!"

A twig snapped. Quickly turning, they espied a stealthy figure glide swiftly into the bush.

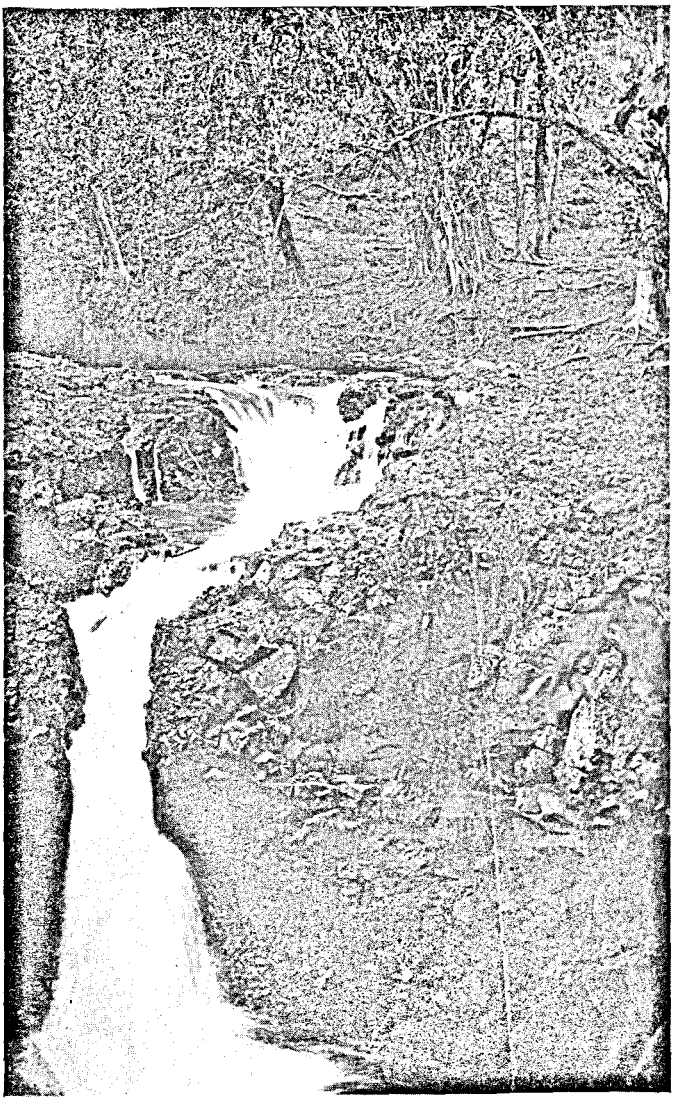
"Oh, dearest!" exclaimed Lupie, in an undertone, impulsively pressing her companion's arm, "we cannot be too careful. See, already have we been discovered, and from the glimpse I got of his figure I believe it was Havelu, whom Tai and Sosimo have sent. He speaks English, too!" she gasped in terror. "Oh, Ernest! Not for anything in the world would I have harm happen to you, and so I am seized with a great fear."

The man gently laughed at her.

"Why, honey," he said, "what harm could come to me, with my good ship out there in the harbor?"

Her arm crept up his coat and warmly encircled his neck.

"You do not know the Samoans," she



"Near a stream which trickled over white pebbles and fell to a pool below."

answered, "if you think that would stop them. They would wait for you in the bush."

She trembled slightly, and drew close to him.

He held her tightly, very tightly, and pressed his lips to hers in a tender farewell.

"You are everything in the world to me, dearest," she sighed. "You are all I have."

* * * * *

Up the neglected trail that tends to Vaia, two men made their way, and stopped at the entrance to a small cave near a stream which trickled over white pebbles, falling to a pool below.

"Thinkest thou the white man is a fool?"

"Nay, not a fool, but this he will believe."

"And what falsehood canst thou invent to draw him to the place?"

"That his sailor is held as a prisoner."

"Hast thou then captured a prisoner to prove it?"

The man laughed in a coarse, satirical way.

"He lies drunk at Mulinuu. When I rushed to Sosimo with what I had seen, he was wild with wrath, and vowed vengeance to the white dog. 'Go thou, Havelu,' he said, 'and do what thou wilt, and I myself will befriend thee!' As for thee," he added, "keep thy mouth closed over your knowledge, and I will tell thee of a better plan."

Thus spoke the tall man, with a red flower stuck in his hair.

His companion, whose short-cropped hair was limed, drew his brows into a frown.

"It seems to me you take a deal of trouble over one woman—thou who hast had so many love affairs," he said.

"They were not Lupie," said the other, lighting his cigarette.

For some time they talked, squatted on the cold, damp floor with an oil-nut taper between them. Strange, they did not notice a dark form lying near them in a corner of the cave.

They left as day was breaking over the hills and valleys of Upolu, and the thought occurred to Havelu how like the lives of two they were—the valleys dark and gloomy like himself, but Lupie's smile was the tinge of light that edged the mountain tops.

On they went, little heeding that down a shorter cut a sick and tottering figure wended. On, on, till her hands were sore and bleeding from the thorny brambles and sharp rocks with which her path was strewn. On, on, till Sosimo's hut stood lonely by the sea. Gathering her rags about her, she entered the third door. Thus was it known that a friend had come.

Sosimo was rolled in tapa, and she crouched beside him, and laid her hand on him.

The mass of tapa heaved, a head was thrust out, and he suddenly sat up erect.

"Ho, Nona," he said. "So hast thy witchery led thee again to me, to unfold the secrets of the dead? And how now?"

Nona, the witch, glanced around like a timid animal, and once more laid her hand upon his arm.

"Sosimo," she warned, "take care! Thy people are but fooling thee. Yonder, far, far up the mountain, lying unto death in a small cave, I overheard Havelu talking of his plans."

The chief's eyes narrowed.

"What then?" he said.

"This: That Havelu is in love with your taupo."

Sosimo half rose with an eager gesture.

"Take care, Nona," he warned.

"It is true. I heard them talking it over in the cave. I listened. Said Mafu, 'Thou takest a deal of trouble over one women, when thou hast loved so many.' And Havelu answered him thus, 'They were not Lupie!' And then, in low voices, they spoke of thy anger at the news that the wicked Havelu imported thee, and thy consent to give him men to dispose of the white man, whom thou hast grown to hate. And then they said that before they attacked him they would dispose of you, and entice the white dog to thy hut, where they would discover him. It would be easy then, they said, to wreak vengeance on the murderer."

The chief rose to his full height, and drew his tapa around him.

"Nona," he said very quietly, "never yet hast thou told me false tidings. Now go! Both the white man and Havelu shall be dealt with in the same way by my hand, I promise you!"

An hour later the news spread through Tungasi—

"Havelu is no more! Havelu is no more! The great and all-powerful one has seized him, and he lies like a fowl in the noose. Ere the stars have burned low, he will die for his treachery. Havelu is no more!"

That night, dragging herself down to see what had befallen the man, Nona beheld with horror a beheaded prisoner lying in the house of the chief.

* * * * *

A big round sun, red and ominous, hung low

over the hilltops, and a brooding stillness lay over the land. Then a cry, horrid, piercing, was heard. Louder and more loudly it swelled, agonizing, heart-rending; then fainter, and still fainter, as it journeyed on its way.

"Aue! Aue! He is killed! He is killed! Sosimo, our chief, the great and powerful one! Stabbed in the heart—he is dead! He is dead!"

The tribes were maddened. Hurrying, scurrying, over hill and down dale, till every man and every woman and child was tearing to the village. Cries of vengeance were heard. Warriors stopped only to seize their ugly weapons, and streak their faces with the blood of slaughtered pigs. And each took up the fearful cry,—

"He is killed! He is killed! Sosimo, our chief, the great and powerful one! Stabbed in the heart —he is dead! He is dead!"

* * * * *

Kasa, the new chief, stood on a rise of ground above the multitude, chanting—

"Hearken unto my words, oh ye sons of the war god Bouli;
"Ye have all of ye heard of the death of our chief, Sosimo.
"Stabbed in the heart he lies, where once he lived, and was happy.
"If one knows aught of the deed, let him speak and thereby serve his people."

A sweltering heat quivered over the island, and the black clouds that enveloped the high mountain tops had covered the face of the sun. A terribly oppressive gloom hung everywhere.

Dangerous and foreboding, rose the chant of a murderous war-song, over and over again, in a weird minor, softly but unwaveringly beginning, and swelling to a powerful tone.

A man, whose hair, short-cropped and limed, flaunted a feather of many colors, stepped up above the throng.

"It is there ye must look for revenge!" he cried, pointing with scorn to the harbor. "The white dog who, safe in his retreat, must ye hold responsible for the deed that has torn Upolo's heart!"

"Aue! Aue!" cried the crowd excitedly. "Aue! Aue!"

"Havelu—he who gave his life to appease the wrath of Sosimo, he heard him down at Matautu, him and your taupo, Lupie!"

"Lupie! Lupie!" cried the people, in dismay. "She who watches o'er the bier of the dead! Lupie! Lupie!"

"Yea, she who watches o'er the bier of our dead, to whom she was untrue. The white devil held her in his arms speaking of his love for her, and Lupie spoke of our chief. 'I would not stop at anything,' then said the white man, 'to get you for my own.' "

The natives, already on the verge of fierceness to the foreigners who sent warships to their midst to interfere with the customs of their people, now went mad.

"Death to the white man!" they shouted with one accord. "Death to the papalangi! We will slay him with an hundred knives! His head shall be placed on a pole to grace the house of our

departed chief! Death to the traitor to our race! Death to the white man and his kin!"

The vast throng heaved and surged, as an agitated sea.

But a dying creature dragged herself to the feet of the new chief Kasa, and, raising her wasted form upon her elbow, raised a lank and skinny arm.

"Nona!" muttered the multitude, drawing nearer. "Let us hear what the witch-woman has to say."

The poor arm was still upraised, and a strange, unearthly light seemed to radiate from her sunken eyes.

"I killed Sosimo!"

The fateful words rang out clear and resonant, and a gasp of awe was heard.

"You?" they shrieked. "You!"

"Yes," she answered, "I. Oh, good men and women of Upolo, listen to my words, I beg you! Many times have ye sought my council, ye and the chief who is no more, because I could see and hear things to which ye all were blind and deaf. For such a gift of God have ye called me the witch, but for such a gift am I thankful."

Her short breaths came with increasing difficulty, but she continued:

"Many years ago, when I, Nona, dwelt on the Island of Monuia, a small boat one day drifted to its shores. I rescued a dying mother and her babe, but not in time to save the mother, who died while I was preparing food for her. But ere she passed away she gave the babe into my keeping, as a solemn trust, and bade me care for her, and if possible to have her educated in the ways of her own

people. I came later to this island, and gave the child over to the care of missionaries, telling them her story.

"When I heard that our chief was to marry her I was sore troubled, and many visions I had when the girl's mother came to me in my forlorn hut up yonder in the hills, and for hours at a time would I lie in the dark cave, where plainly I could hear her voice. Nay, do not laugh at me!" she pleaded, in broken tones, "when I tell you that one night I could not sleep with her persistent, troubled voice, and I hied me down to the tombs of our forefathers, and there solemnly prayed for guidance. I saw a knife, cold and sharp, and a voice told me that the time would come when I would use it. Last night the time came!"

She paused, heaving a long sigh like a sob, and went on very feebly:

"I can tell you no more. I pleaded with Sosimo, and told him your taupo's story, but he laughed at me. 'What difference can that make in my love for her?' he said. 'I tell thee, Nona, I swear by the blood of our fathers that I will have Lupie for my wife, be she white or black!' And, torn by despair at his insolence and unbelief, mingled with the love I bore the child who never knew me, I drew my knife. He, in madness, grasped at me, hurling me down, but I made a bold dash at him, and the blade pierced his selfish heart. That is all," she concluded, in a whisper. "Do with me what ye will!"

Nona fell back, and Kasa, a kindly man, bent and caught her in his arms. She was limp and lifeless, but a great peace enveloped her drawn

face. The chief held high his hand in an attitude of resignation.

"We can do nothing now," was all he said.

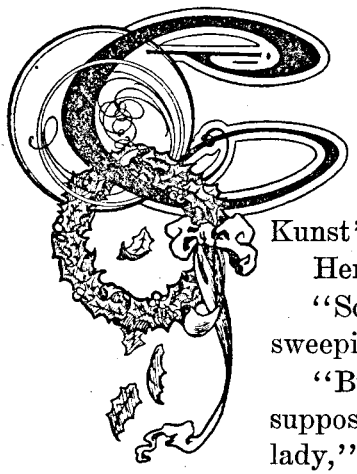
* * * * *

Some years later, when Captain Watson and his wife were in Samoa, they visited a quaint grave decorated with polished pebbles and waving sisis; and Lupie, kneeling, said a little prayer.

THE NIGHT

BEHOLD how gently somber shadows fall—
Anon the purple afterglow, and now,
As though the earth with beauty to appall,
A dainty star illumines her dark brow.

A QUIET GAME OF WHIST



"KONRAD, what for didt you trump it? You are—you are—ach! what is it in English? I myself wanted that trick." Frau Kunst's portly figure bristled.

Herr Kunst chuckled.

"So didt I," he answered, sweeping up the cards.

"But a real gentleman is supposed to give in to a lady," she insisted.

"Fortunately not in whist," was her husband's smiling reply.

"Well, as I was saying, Mrs. Marshall," she began, addressing me, "these islands are the worst place for servants. Now when we were in Chermany we got a gude girl for——"

"Franceska," interrupted her spouse, "we play whist now."

Recalled to the game, she casually examined her hand.

"Is it my turn?" she asked.

"We have been waiting for some time," remarked Herr Kunst.

"I took that last trick? Oh, then it's all right." And her face beamed as she threw down an ace, and led another suit.

"But these Indian boys—ach!" she burst out afresh, "undt I sent all the way to Fiji for them. To think of it, leaving my kitchen untidy, Mrs. Marshall,—even bread crumbs in the wood-box! Why, when I think of it, I could jump up undt—undt——"

Herr Kunst laid down his cards.

"Franceska," he enjoined with warmth, "Sitz neider, du bist wie eine Veruckte!"

A cool breeze drifted through the open doors, lifting the dainty curtains, and causing the light of the hanging-lamp to flicker. Outside it was very quiet save for the distant thundering of the surf, the fitful rustling of cocoanut trees around the house, or perhaps the remarks of a few passers-by pausing to look in at the group.

"Have you heard, Frau Kunst," said I, changing the subject, "that an American warship is due to arrive here tomorrow? It was Mrs. Marsden, I think, who told me. Isn't she the wife of the teacher of the native college?"

"Yah," abruptly replied Frau Kunst, with a meaning look toward her husband. "So then we shall have some fine gentlemen in Samoa once more, eh?"

"Now will you be good?" laughed my husband as Herr Kunst played a card.

"I hear," remarked the latter, winking at me, "that Mrs. Marsden intends to entertain them, undt is making great preparations."

"What?" exclaimed the good Frau, "undt you have told me nothing about it?"

"Why should I, Franceska?" inquired Herr Kunst innocently. "How now, are you chealous of her alreadty?"

His wife bestowed upon him a withering look.

"Conrad, you are a terrible man," she said.

"You see, my wife is not too fond of her," explained our host, pouring the last stein of beer. "She says——"

"Well, I leave it to you," impulsively interrupted his wife, "if it wasn't an outrageous thing that the Marsden didt to me!"

"Prosit!" called Herr Kunst, genially lifting his stein.

"One day," began his wife, "I invited her to spend the evening wit' us. Of course, Mr. Kunst, he plays the wiolin, undt sometimes I sing mit him."

"I have heard your voice, Frau Kunst," I remarked, "and your singing is admirable."

"So?" said she. "Undt Mrs. Marsden, you know, she plays the piano. Well, I didn't make any great preparations; just hadt a few sendwiches undt coffee undt liverwurst wit some beer. Well, about eight o'clock we sat on the werandah waiting, undt presently Mr. Kunst he shades his eyes wit his hand so, undt I say, 'What is it, Conrad?' 'I think it's a funeral,' says Mr. Kunst. 'It can't be a funeral,' I saidt, 'because it's coming in here,' for, sure enough, it turned up the path, undt stopped in front of our door."

Herr Kunst was shaking with suppressed mirth, but his wife ignored him as she laid down her cards, and proceeded in a serious manner to count them off on her fingers.

"First, there was the Marsden herself, lying

in state on a mattress in a cart, which eight Samoan men were pulling. Then came Tutsy, the eldest Marsden child five years old carriedt by two Samoans, who hadt made a chair wit their hands. After that came Buffalo Bill, two years of age, in the same way, undt last came the baby. One Samoan woman—ach! so fat,—carriedt her, annudder an extra shawl, annudder her boddle, annudder her pillow, undt annudder her rubber sheet. That made twenty-one in all!" she cried. "Think of it, twenty-one!"

"'Gude evening,' says Mr. Kunst. 'I see you've quite a procession wit you.'

"'Yes,' she says, 'only a few students from our college. You see, Mr. Marsden, never likes the idea of my going out alone.'

"'We have never heardt of assaultment in the islands,' I saidt, undt I began to count the procession.

"'Where will I put them all, I wonder,' I saidt at last. 'My house is not bigger as your college, Mrs. Marsden.'

"'Why not let them sit on the floor in your bedt-room?' she said. 'It's a nice big room, undt they'll all go in there, I think.'

"I hastened to put away all my waluables that might be around in sight, undt I let them come into the room. Ach, du lieber himmel! of all the noise! Babies crying, undt natives laughing undt talking, so we could not hear the music we played. Finally the Marsden she saidt, 'Mrs. Kunst, just give them something to keep them quiet, won't you please? A few loaves of breadt undt some tins of salmon will do.'"

"Oh, now, Frau Kunst," laughed my husband.

"You are joking, aren't you? How could they get away with all that?"

Herr Kunst laughed.

"All that you say? Well, Dr. Marshall, when you are here longer you will discover that these natives have anything but small appetites," he said.

Frau Kunst leaned over in her excitement.

"It is true," she cried. "Undt you should have seen the state they left my bedt-room in. It took me more as two hours to clean up the mess they made. Mr. Kunst he just died laughing, but I tell you I was so madt I didn't sleep a wink all night, undt I got even wit my husband by making him get up undt talk to me."

"Why, what was the cause of her coming in such a manner?" I inquired. "Do they live very far from here?"

I was a newcomer to the islands, and the other ladies were just beginning to call upon me.

"Now think of it," exclaimed my hostess with heat. "They live three doors from us. It was just to show us how stylish they were, to have so many servants. I have been lying awake nights thinking of some way to pay her back."

"She intended to get ahead of her in entertaining the officers when the next warship shouldt come in," hinted Herr Kunst, with a chuckle.

My husband, rising, picked up his hat from a near-by chair.

"What would you do, Frau Kunst," he said, "if I told you that Mrs. Marshall was misinformed, and that the warship expected tomorrow is German, not American?"

Our hostess looked at us mischievously.

"Himmel!" she cried, eagerly, "If it was the 'Kronstadt' I would be more as happy! Why, we know every officer on that ship, undt I would just show off like anything!"

"Well, Frau Kunst," said my husband very quietly, "you can begin without delay, for the 'Kronstadt' it is and no other."

A smile of unspeakable delight overspread her face and she began humming a waltz song.

"What didt I tell you, Conrad? I told you my chance would come," she sang, and her mellow voice fell vibrant on the still night-air.

"I see bills on the horizon," I jokingly remarked, as my husband assisted me downstairs.

We had walked the length of the path, and were opening the gate, when—

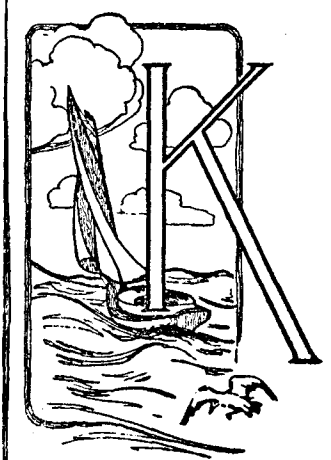
"She will sleep gude tonight, you bet," called Herr Kunst, laughing, and holding the lamp above his head, that we might see the way.

REVELATION

MY eyes rest on a scene so still, so fair;
'Tis close of day. A silver star hangs high
Amid the blushes of the evening sky—
My world so dark, but yours so rosy. Why?
I turn away, and sadly, with a sigh.
Is it because, my sweet one, you are there?

FINEANA

The Cave-Maiden



OLOMOTUA, the whole village, lay in drowsy silence, only the humming of summer-flies and the distant booming of the surf breaking the stillness. They sat in the shade of the old kiawe tree, where shadows played with sunshine on the smooth thick grass. At a little distance a mongrel dog lay full length on the ground, sleeping in the warmth of the sun; and further on two or three grass huts relieved the monotony of the landscape. Manu's fingers nimbly plaited a long green palm-branch into a strip of matting, her wrinkled face and withered hands betraying the many summers she had seen, while beside her sat Fineana, the graceful Tongan maiden, lithe and beautiful, whose eyes were radiant with sunny hopes, and whose lips were red as the large hibiscus blossom she wore above her ear. One foot placed over the other knee kept time to a dreamy tune or native siva which she softly hummed, at the same time

carefully rolling a siluka (cigarette) in a piece of pandanus leaf. Then, lighting it, she began to smoke, allowing the lilac fumes to ascend heavily from her parted lips. With a sudden gesture of impatience she turned to her aged companion:

"Come, Manu," she said, impulsively, contracting her dark brows to a slight frown, "it is now time you told me something of Ofa, my mother, of whom no doubt you know so much yet say so little. Today am I a woman, being sixteen, and am courted by the chief-boy, Langi, yet you speak not. Come, tell me," she broke off, laying a soft hand upon the shrivelled arm, "was Ofa beautiful, Manu, my guardian and protector?"

The old woman dropped her half-finished mat, and looked at the girl at her side. The leaves were stirred by a gust of wind, and a passing cloud threw a shadow momentarily over the land. Manu's thoughts flew back along the years.

"Yes, Fineana," was her reply at length. "Yes, she was so. Can it be possible that you who are called Fineana, the Cave-Maiden, have heard naught of Ofa, and her lover, Tafele? What miracle is this that has subdued to silence the prattling tongues of women and the warning words of men?"

The girl raised her dark brows in disdain, and her fine features and half-parted lips were silhouetted on the ground.

"I am not friendly to women, Manu," she said with scorn, "and I am not as other girls with men."

She drew herself up proudly, re-arranging her vala-skirt with a careless gesture, while Manu watched her, a touching tenderness filling her

eyes with a kindly light of sympathy. It had been long indeed since the story was on every bold lip of the village, but, thanks be unto the Otua, there had also been many, many changes since that turbulent time, and some there were that the saints had seen fit to call, for which she was doubly thankful.

And then, slowly and in her own quaint way, to the girl who, leaning back upon her arms in rapt attention listened, she told this story:

"Your mother was the most beautiful of all Tongan maidens in her day. But she possessed what few of our women dare to possess, and that is, a disposition. She loved but once, but that once was always, and her heart knew naught of infidelity. She was ordained by nature to be the bride of a king, but some there were who said that were a man who had naught but love to offer to engage her heart, him would she accept above all other men. That they were right was proved when Tafele arrived. She had but met Tafele when Ofa knew she loved him, and straightway let him know it, though, if cruel duty to her father had been considered, she would not have looked at him. For he was not a chief of our people, and Fonua-Eiki, the powerful chief of Hahake, was then a suitor for your mother's hand.

"Things had begun to progress thus when one very dark night Tafele made his way along the grass road, taking great caution as he neared a hut within which company was assembled. He carried a large stick for protection and his black vala and mats were twisted up at one side. He was a strong, handsome boy, Fineana, fitted in every way to be a chief and descendant of the

Tui Tongas, for his was a good and determined face. But his dark eyes softened as he approached so near the abode of his loved one, just as I have seen Langi's soften at the sight of you; and he stopped abruptly, lest his desire to see her might disclose his presence there. The grass door of the hut was raised, and the light from a string of tui-tui nuts shed faint rays on a strip of the lawn without. To the left was a group of men talking earnestly, among whom Tafele recognized Lavaki, the man of the house, and with revulsion, the chief who had come to ask the hand of the pretty maid, Ofa, whom he regarded as his own.

"'Curse him!' he thought, and, embracing a resolve, he all but muttered, 'But it is with Tafele, the son of Manu-Malohi, with whom you will have to vie, and I swear I shall see your bones in the toils of Devil-fish ere you can claim Ofa for your wife!'

"Crouching stealthily along, he crossed the streak of light, and, being detected from within, Lavaki called out, 'Who goes there? If a friend, enter, and welcome to our kava feast.'

"There was a momentary silence in the group of laughing, flower-bedecked girls who sat facing the man, while Ofa, sad-eyed, with star-flowers in her hair, suddenly ceased her task of mixing kava, a vague fear clutching at her heart.

"'It is but Bolo, father,' she said softly, doubting her own words. 'I sent him but a moment since to fetch more water for the pounded root.'

"Then she turned, whispering a command to Soku, her maid, whereupon the big kava bowl was deftly upset amid confusion, and the clever plotter slipped away into the exterior darkness.

"Ofa, sad-eyed, with star-flowers in her hair."

"'So it is you, Tafele,' she whispered, drawing him hurriedly away out of hearing. 'Oh, why will you endanger yourself and me in this foolish manner? Is it not enough that I must bear this terrible sorrow of marrying a man I do not love? Why rouse my regret and repulsion for him more?'"

"'You intend to wed him, then?'

"'Oh, what else can I do, Tafele?' pleaded the girl, 'He is a chief, and all-powerful, and I am but my father's daughter, and must obey.'

"'You will never marry him!'

"Ofa threw her arms around her lover's neck and tearlessly sobbed a prayer.

"'That it might be so, Tafele,' she said.

"The sound of Lavake's voice calling her aroused her with a start.

"'Go! Go! Fly, Tafele!' she admonished, freeing herself. 'You are in the greatest danger, and I would have nothing of harm to thee. Quickly, quickly, Tafele!' she persisted, 'Lest you be struck in the darkness of this night by the ever wary spies of the chief!'

"'But, Ofa,' he objected, 'how can you bid me leave you when even now in yonder hut the final arrangements for your matrimonial transaction are being made? Think you I am a cray-fish—that I can witness my own sacrifice in silence, and depart?'"

"'Not now! Not now, I beg of you!' cried Ofa, turning around suspiciously. 'Do not say these things here to me, but meet me tomorrow night at the west door of the church on the hill—the singing contest—I shall come out last.'

"'It shall be as you wish, Fonua Eiki,' her

father was saying as she re-entered the door of the hut, 'for since you have seen fit to bestow upon me and mine the honor of your attentions, your desires are to be considered ours. Therefore, daughter,' he continued, 'do thou make more kava for our exalted guest, and be ready to depart with him within the week.'

"Ofa uttered a faint cry, which was quickly suppressed at the glance of her father. So, hanging her head low, she proceeded to squeeze the fibre used to strain the dregs from the liquid, shaking it over her left shoulder in honor of a chief. Her lips were pressed closely together, and a fierce look of determination was the only resentment evident.

" 'If he should fail me——' she thought.

"It was midnight when the company dispersed, and Ofa and her maid sought their small hut fifty yards away. It was an unhappy night and Ofa tossed about in haunting dreams, awaking with a cry of terror. Her maid, for protection, slept beside her, and, being weary, she breathed heavily, while the moon flooded them both through the open doorway. But in the morning when she finally awoke, the children of the village were at play.

"The day was all excitement, for the annual singing contest was near at hand, and bands of singers were arriving in Nukualofa from all the neighboring villages, so that when eight bells struck on the clock of the King's Chapel bands of gaily attired girls were filing into the little church on the hill. Ofa was there, more beautiful than ever, in her tapa vala-skirt, a blue-silk kofu, or upper garment, with low neck and short sleeves,

trimmed with lace and strings of pearls, and a wreath of white gardenia buds in her thick black hair, which hung in waves about her shoulders. The other maidens were too busy to notice her then, however, and at the close of the concert streamed out of the doors, laughing and eager to get home to discuss the affair.

"Ofa came out just as the old native warden was closing his windows, and started to make her way slowly down the hill, but, hearing her name called softly, she turned, to be clasped in two strong arms.

" 'Siuke! but you look beautiful tonight!' exclaimed Tafele, as he held her off admiringly. 'Far too pretty to be alone—but are you alone?' he inquired, suddenly looking around.

" 'Yes, Tafele,' replied Ofa sadly, 'but very soon I shall have a chief to protect me from all men,—even you.'

" 'Do you mean Fonua-Eiki? Has he, then, at last received the consent of your father?'

"Ofa silently nodded her reply.

" 'It will never be,' said Tafele grimly, 'for I swear by all the gods of our forefathers—by God who watches over us this night—that it shall never be! I have loved you from the first with a love that knows no bounds, and life would be drear indeed to me had I not you. Last night I lay awake all night, and when the sun came up out of the great waste of waters and touched the tips of the cocoanut trees with gold, I had settled on a plan for both of us.'

"Ofa raised her face and smiled at him.

" 'What is it?' she inquired, almost hopelessly. 'What can we do? Where can we go, that his men

will not betray us? Heaven knows that I am willing to do anything to escape a life of slavery and a father who so heartlessly has given me away!'

"'Are you?' cried Tafele, bending eagerly. 'Then listen to my plan. It is to leave this island, Ofa, in my own small craft and sail away to the west over the sea, too far away even to hear the roaring of the reef. Wilt go?'

"For a moment Ofa was silent. Her thoughts returned unconsciously to her home and companions, to the memories of childhood, and her dear girl friends. She gave no heed to her mother, who should be first in every maiden's heart, for alas! Ofa had no mother. Some years before she had fled from the cruelties of her unmerciful husband, while little Ofa, who had been taken by her mother in her flight, had been stolen by the spies of Lavaki, and returned to him. Long after her disappearance, false rumors were circulated by the gossips, and then after awhile they were satisfied to believe that she was dead. Ofa had often grieved for her mother, and in this moment of suspense she realized her loss; but, knowing well the life she must lead with the chief, her brave heart responded to the call of Tafele.

"'Yes, I will go,' she cried desperately. 'Need I fear the sea? I, a Tongan?'

"'Then it shall be so. I will fill my boat with provisions. Be at Tuku Tonga on the beach at the coming hour of three. Fare thee well and slip home alone now, to avoid suspicion. Alua.'

"The chimes of the old monastery at Maofaga were pealing the third stroke as Ofa emerged from the bush to the beach below. A westerly breeze rustled the foliage, while the moon, half hidden by

a silver cloud, cast lights and shadows over sea and land.

"'You may ride back again now, Soku,' whispered Ofa, hurriedly, 'but be sure and take the beach road, as you may encounter danger by the way we came.'

"'Ofa, you have come!' exclaimed Tafele, rushing to meet her.

"Then as her lover made the many hasty preparations for their strange voyage, she told him excitedly that he must make haste, for her father had discovered her escape, and was even at that moment after her. She told him how, as she mounted her horse behind Soku, her father's head appeared at the door of his hut, and, throwing tapa around him, he had roused the men of the house by crying indignantly: 'Tongans, Tongans, make haste and mount your horses, for my daughter Ofa is running away from me!'

"Tafele hurriedly raised the sail, the boat lay on its side, and in the stiff breeze the reefs were soon passed; the villages seeming to run away from them into the distance beyond.

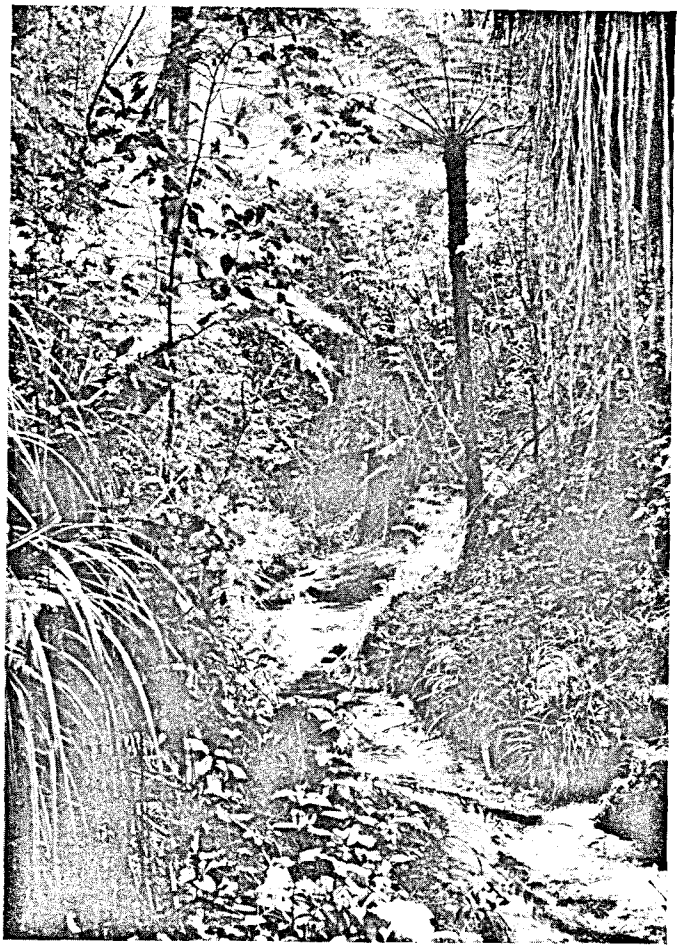
"Away, away, they sailed past Makaha'a with its flag-staff and pilot's buildings amid the trees; past Fafa, the quarantine island, its little houses showing white in the pale light; past Velitoa, its isles snuggling closely together; past Eueki, into the open sea, while the stars fled from the approaching light of the morning, and the flat, crescent-shaped island faded away into space. As far as the eye could reach was a vast expanse of endless waters; above were rugged, hurrying clouds, flying westward from the rising sun, which presently shot up, tinting their edges with a golden

fringe. The two in the boat did not speak. They were at sea, sailing over the restless waves that bore them to their destiny. Ofa sat in the bottom of the small craft resting her cheek against Tafele's knee, her large brown eyes gazing up into his face with an unspeakable love. And even afterwards, when the sun went down, leaving streaks of flame and orange in the sky, and the great dome above them filled with stars, still they sailed over the sea in silence, with love-light in their eyes, and a great quiet in their hearts.

"They arrived as the afternoon sun was sinking like a ball of fire into the sea, and the fast falling twilight caused the cocoanut trees to cast weird shadows here and there on the island. It was very still, save for the gentle murmur of a rising breeze through the palm-fronds and the hollow moaning of the swell, as the sea entered the coral caves beneath the cliffs.

"Their small boat with its two occupants was making for shore, and Tafele, having discovered a patch of white, smooth beach on which in safety to land, he headed his craft toward it. The boat grated upon the sand, and the lowered sail rocked from side to side, keeping time to the lapping of the waves which broke about them.

" 'Come, Ofa,' said the man, and, tucking his vala more firmly around his stalwart body, reached forth his arms to the girl in the boat. Lifting her carefully, he carried her ashore up the steep incline to the seclusion of the thick undergrowth, and disappeared into the forest. To the right, Tafele followed a narrow foot-path leading in a zig-zag direction over great rounded mounds and down steep grades on the other side, tearing



"Tafele followed a narrow foot-path."

away with one hand the slender vines and tangled tendrils as he went. It was cool and peaceful in the dark shade as they passed along, and soon they reached the bottom of a steep hill, where the path darted off to the left. Tafele held Ofa's hand, and, by drawing himself up with the other, he succeeded after many efforts in reaching the top. The two then crept under the thick, trailing vines and finally entered a narrow opening through which they were obliged to creep. It became very dark, and Ofa closed her eyes, feeling her way backwards. Then a bright light burst forth, and they found themselves in an immense cave, where, by cautiously feeling their way from one boulder to another, they stood at length on a large slab of white coral at the base.

" 'You are familiar with this place, Tafele,' whispered Ofa. 'Tell me how that is so.'

" 'The wars of old,' replied the man, 'brought out many discoveries of places hitherto unknown, and this is one of them. In a feud between a tribe of my father and that of Tolua, another powerful chief, this island was won by our side. We can now dwell here with safety unmolested, and in time we can build us a grass house and live as any Tongan.'

"He held her in his arms for one tense moment, and then they began to examine the cave. How strange it seemed now that they were safe, to think that Mother Earth had seemingly opened her arms and hidden them in her bosom. Great stalactites hung in snowy clusters overhead, above which the big dome faded away into blackest gloom. Their eyes sought the walls. Pale greens and greys tinted the face of the rock on every side, while

below their feet the sea came and receded with a gurgling sound. Its depths were an intense blue, and swarms of fishes darted to and fro, all colors, against the dazzling whiteness of the sand beneath. The last faint reflection of the glowing clouds shed a pale opal tint throughout the interior, and a flock of swallows, with cheerful twittering, flew in to seek their mud nests built above.

"'How beautiful!' exclaimed Ofa, clasping Tafele in her arms. 'I am queen of our island, the cave—and Tafele!' And the caverns re-echoed her words like the deep tone of a bell."

The old woman paused, heaving a deep sigh. Rousing himself, and stretching, the dog walked over and licked her hand.

"Happy dreams," she murmured. "Ofa and Tafele were young and sentimental, as all young people should be. They lived alone on the island for two years, sustaining themselves on fish, which were plentiful in those parts, and raising yams and bananas. In time Tafele built with his own hands a small grass house, which was completely hidden from the safe approach to the island, and overlooked on the windward side the rough, open sea. Once in a while, under cover of night, Tafele would row to Neiafu, the big village three miles away, and would steal to my lonely hut, far removed from the others of the town, bringing me fish and feki (octopus), and taking back with him some tapa and foodstuffs in return. You see, as I lived alone always, the people of the village were pleased to call me Crazy Manu. That is why Tafele came to me when he knew I was avoided by all people.

"One day—on the day that we had set apart

for his usual visit—Tafele came not to me, and I feared, knowing him so well and loving him as my own son. So, toward daybreak, I stole a small canoe which was lying on the sand below the village and paddled down the harbor to the island of the cave. Tafele had told me just so much of his secret as he desired me to know, and that was that he had rescued his sweetheart from a chief, and that for safety they lived alone on the island which was his. I wended my way up the narrow path by the silver light which flickered through the leaves of the great kiawe trees meeting in a bower overhead, my bare feet making no sound as I stole along. I remember now that as I approached the mound there were three mournful wails of the Tupau bird, which has always been an omen of evil and unhappiness to our people. A grave fear overcame me for a moment, and, in doubt, I stood and listened to the portentous sound. Then I turned and, spying the edge of the hut beneath the trees and overhanging vines, I crept toward it, and crouched at the open door. Oh! Fineana, may you never suffer what I was called upon to suffer on that day!"

Manu's eyes fast filled with tears, and suddenly she buried her face in her withered hands and gave vent to her grief in sobs.

"I saw his beautiful bride," she continued brokenly, "in a bower of tapa and Tafele bending over her. By the Great Chief of Heaven! I saw more than this, Fineana! Breathlessly, I entered and, falling upon my knees, I grasped her dying body in my arms.

" 'Ofa!' I cried. 'My child! My child! Otua Eiki in Heaven, take her not from me now! For

whom I have long waited in patience, knowing that one day she would come to me! Oh, that You have let me see her but once I am more than grateful!' "

Manu's eyes were overflowing, and burning tears ran down her furrowed cheeks, while locks of her white hair fell disheveled about her worn face.

"When I replaced her upon her bed of ferns," she said, at length, very quietly, "she was dead—quite dead. And I kissed her hands and her feet, Fineana, and held her in my lonely arms for a long, long time in a last embrace. I know not whether minutes or hours passed as silently I prayed, but finally I was aroused by the voice of Tafele, who placed in my arms a small roll of tapa.

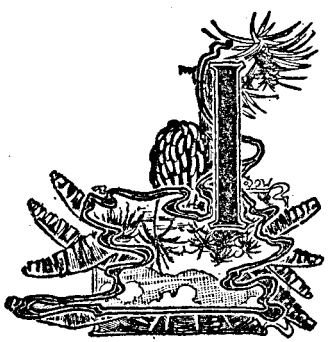
" 'Take this, Manu,' he said, 'as a precious gift from Ofa and from me!'

"That is all. When I opened the bundle, I found you—you of the red lips and dancing eyes. And I called you Fineana, or Maiden of the Cave, and I cherished you because you once belonged to her whom in all the world I loved the best. So you put an end to your mother's happiness, my child," concluded Manu, picking up her unfinished mat, "but brought sunshine into my life. Your father did not live long after that. So perhaps some day when the Great Chief of the Heavens shall throw open the door of his home to you, you will find Ofa and Tafele waiting there."

Fineana's siluka dropped from her hand as she gazed into space, and the palm branches rustled overhead.

"Fineana's siluka dropped from her hand as she gazed into space, and the palm branches rustled overhead."

LOVE'S PRICE



T WILL never be. You will see."

The voice within the small thatched hut was softly appealing, a touch of sadness lurking in its vibrant melody.

Wafu sat cross-legged on an old mat, weaving strange little flowers and fragrant leaves into a wreath, which, being completed by a soft twist, she placed upon her head. And as she looked up at him she laughed merrily, as if, like a rose of yesterday, her doubts had faded away.

The man gazed into her face with an expression which betrayed dull fascination; that look which white men in the islands give the brown-skinned women, whom they do not wed.

"Wafu," he said doggedly, "I have given you my promise; is that not enough?"

He was seated on a wooden box kept always for the honor of his coming, and as he spoke in the native tongue he leaned forward, resting his face in his hands.

She, wrapt in the momentary delight his words

effected, leaned back on her arms, a great love-light shining in her eyes.

"Yes, yes, Alafi; I know it is unkind in me," she sighed, "but the officers who come here so often on the warships,—they speak that way, too. But by and by the big ships go away. And the women—what becomes of them?"

Her hand seemed to tremble slightly as she drew from under the band holding her vala-skirt a few pieces of dark tobacco and, lighting a match, singed them over the flame. She watched them shrivel and curl, and the reflected light playing about her face revealed a sad expression. Gathering the crumpled bits together, she carefully rolled them into a long cigarette, and, after partaking of a whiff or two, handed it to him.

"Even when you first came to Tonga," she began, hesitatingly, "I liked you. Don't you remember how often I went to your little store on the beach? It was not to buy that I went," she admitted; "it was only to look at you."

The man smoked in silence, watching the girl light her cigarette by a glowing bit of tapa, which she afterwards placed in an old tomato can. Sometimes she shook her foot nervously; once she broke out into spasmodic snatches of weird minor ditties, those ancient love lays that had echoed before her in bygone generations, gesticulating, meanwhile, with velvety, yielding hands.

The man Alfred watched her with interest. Not now, but at first she had been a new type to him. Now she was no longer a new type, but one grown dangerously familiar. She stood out alone, gracefully feminine in a background of riotous tropical beauty. The flowers were red mostly,

"She lighted it with a piece of glowing tapa."

glaring their boldness beneath long, languorous fronds, and standing out from cool beds of undergrowth. The very breeze that came over the land was intense with thoughts of love; the life itself, warped within its own illusions, desires, longings, was dangerous.

He saw the girl of his choice through sensuous eyes. Till she met him she was innocent, but the underlying principle, the great truth, had prevailed, and she had sacrificed herself, her youth, her beauty, her entirety, to the man she loved. As for him, he saw only a brown child of nature in a wild, untrammeled garden, with bare feet, flowing hair, and unselfish heart. If she loved him too much, was he to blame?

A soft, warm hand was laid upon his knee. Wafu had crept over as though she had known his thoughts.

"Alafi," she murmured, the tears gathering in her big brown eyes, "it is good to be a man. See, you may then love whom you will, but unfortunately, it is not the same for us. A man loses nothing by loving a woman, even be she a dark-skinned woman like me, but the woman, see what she loses! It is a glorious privilege to be loved by such as you, but for most of us the price is very high. Yet for you, Alafi," she cried vehemently, drawing near, and clasping him within her arms, "for you I am willing to pay any price—the price of love!"

After that she undertook to make his home attractive in her own simple way, bringing garlands to his house and bedecking his dresser with them; draping over his pictures long strings of beads; cleaning his cottage so that it would be

pleasant for him on his return from the store. Nothing was distasteful, because for him it was done; the various duties proved a delightful task, and she sang about her work. The tobacco-stained matting in time became gradually cleaner and the small mirrors shone as silver. Then, too, she brought flowers—great bunches of scarlet hibiscus, which she placed beside his green reading-lamp, while longa-longas, or sago-palms, sought through miles of tangled brush, in neglected parts, were brought in and placed wherever there was a bare spot in his home. So the cottage was transformed from a rude lodging to an abode of beauty, and Wafu's hands had done it for the one man in the world she loved.

As time went on, however, the girl's songs dropped from gay ditties to the sad love-lays of broken hearts, for a great fear had entered hers, and troubled her always. It was an unspeakable, dull longing which she could not define; it gnawed at her soul and tormented her quiet. Alafi was just as kind to her as he had ever been; still gave her little gold-plated pins and cotton laces, and said he loved her. But why did he not make her his wife? Why, whenever the subject was introduced into their conversations by her (always by her) did he so quickly talk of other things? They did not have to wait. He owned a store where Europeans and Tongans traded. And, running through all this trend of thought was an idea at which her heart almost stopped in its accustomed beating, and this arose from the suggestion that perhaps, after all, Alafi did not care to marry her. Many a time, and often of late, had she been warned by wiser heads than hers that the game

she was playing was a most dangerous one, and the chances were very small in her favor. Of course they had told her that other men had trifled with Tongan girls to no purpose, but then they were speaking of other men, and not Alafi; not the one who had converted her every-day existence into a world of dreams. It made every difference, because they were not Alafi.

She looked at the rare fans on the walls that she had given him; the bedspread lying over his couch; a large, silky mat with a worsted fringe, which she had woven for him with her own hands, and thought, with a passing wave of shame, of the tawdry gifts he had assumptuously offered her in return. But her kind heart rebelled at the mere fancy, and she rebuked herself, and gave him more, so that he could never have any cause to doubt her love. She knew that he was different from all men, and, as she was really in need of no other home at present, she would wait.

So Wafu waited in patience, and said nothing to Alafi.

One never-to-be-forgotten night, when the steamer from Auckland was unloading at the wharf, Alafi, as usual, came to her house to see her, dressed much nicer than ordinarily, with his coat on and a new straw hat and apparently very happy indeed.

He looked at her with a light in his eyes she never had seen before, and, smiling, carelessly extended his hand to her.

"I am going away, Wafu," he said.

She stood as one transfixed, while all the world grew terribly dark, and the earth even seemed to

desert her, sliding unsteadily away from under her feet.

The man was silent, feeling but not understanding the effect his words had had on her, and tried to caress her hand. But a sudden burst of pent-up fury, mingled with humiliation, and pride, overbalanced by an all-powerful love, overcame her, and as her lips opened to hurl reproach at the worthless object of her devotion, she sank, instead, at his feet, burying her face in her hands.

"Oh, Alafi, my dear, dear love, not that!"

Her voice seemed to carry from far away, and the words impassioned as they were sounded meaningless.

The man stooped, and quietly lifted her. It was no time to speak.

She rose and staggered to the open, where the breeze was cool from the sea and barely lifted her hair. It was not cold, but the girl shivered, clasping her hands to her breast. For several moments they stood thus, and finally the man said tenderly,

"You have loved me too much, Wafu."

The sound of his voice, the tender pathos of its slight tremor, broke the dry agony of her cruel suffering, and she unbended and relaxed into spasms of grief. Her heart was broken. And, torn and bleeding, it was cast away among the remnants of the past.

"But I am coming back again," said the man awkwardly trying to be cheerful, and,

"Here," he added, removing from his finger a chased-gold band, in the blind belief that some triviality was capable of turning the channel of her desires, "here is my ring, Wafu, to remember me by, and I promise to come back again."

For a moment she hesitated. Then the memory of the love he once gave her, the recollection of the moments of happiness she had spent with him, rushed over her, and she held out her hand and took it. As she did so, he seized both her hands and drew her to him suddenly, and, looking down into her eyes, gave vent to the vehemence of his momentary passion.

"Oh, Alafi," she sobbed, "come back to me, for I shall be true to you."

She stood in the doorway of the hut and saw him disappear down the moonlit road. Twice he turned, waving his hand to her, but she only sobbed tearlessly when she saw him being drawn resistlessly into oblivion. Many times during the tense, oppressive hours of the night she stole out to listen to the donkey engines of the steamer working very hard so that it could bear her love away from her the sooner; once she went over to about where he must have stood when they said their last good-by, and with tremulous longing stooped and kissed the cold earth, wishing fervently she was now beneath it.

The weeks that followed were empty repetitions of loneliness and despair and heart-breaking memories. There were days when she would lie for hours with her tear-stained face resting on her arm, while thinking only of him. Her aged grandparent would protest in a quavering voice that it was not meet to take it so to heart. She deserved what treatment she received after heeding not the admonitions of the older ones who knew. But Wafu only smiled compassionately at the old dame, her face wrinkled with the toil of many

years; the shriveled hands that trembled as they lay upon her lap.

"You are old, yet little do you know." Thus thought Wafu.

And at other times she sauntered into the cool, secluded depths of the bush, and, after wandering through the Indian lilies whose crimson stalk-raised blooms shot up out of masses of ferns which she trod on as a carpet, she would sit on some fallen trunk, idly watching the purple lizards that fled from her approach. She sought seclusion for the greater part, because of vulgar passers-by who, spying her on the beach, often taunted her as they labored past in their cumbrous, overladen carts. With some unseemly jest of pity, their laughter would die in the distance, just as Alafi had faded away on the horizon;—just as she hoped she would some day fade away and be no more.

One day towards evening, after the red sun had dipped down into the sea, she meandered to the beach, knowing few would be there at that time, and arrived as a sail-boat was unloading its passengers, one of whom she knew. They had but then arrived from Samoa, five hundred miles to the west, and with a smile of recognition the woman approached.

"I saw him," she said in an undertone. "Alafi; he was walking up the Tivoli Road in Apia. Go, maiden, and prepare for his return, for he is on the steamer that will arrive here in the morning."

Wafu's eyes followed the woman as she went, while her senses ran riot within her. The moon was just rising over the rustling palms, casting a reflection on the sea. A glistening sail passed

through the silver streak and disappeared into the gloom. But Wafu only saw the light; she knew not darkness now.

"He is coming! He is coming! Oh, why, why have I doubted? He said that he would come back to me, and he's coming! He's coming—coming—coming to—to me!"

She was running, and crying as she ran. The cold night-wind caught her black flowing hair and blew it across her face. Swiftly, swiftly she ran, holding her heart lest it burst within her.

"He is coming! He is coming!" she sobbed and laughed together. "Did I not tell you he would come back to me?"

In an ecstacy of tumultuous joy she fell to the floor of the dimly-lighted hut, and sobbed in a paroxysm of laughter and tears.

All the long, never-ending night she prepared for Alafi's return, making an upper garment of black satin, treasured for some rare occasion, elaborately trimming it with yards of cotton lace, and ere dawn had crept through the reeds of the hut she was dressed and ready for the eventful day. She asked herself a thousand childish questions. What would he look like? What would he wear? Would he be changed? What would she say to him? What would he say to her?

She felt shy as the reality of their meeting drew nigh, and inwardly resolved not to approach him first. A gun report sounded. Wafu drew in her breath. Alafi was coming! That shot meant the signaling of the steamer, and it did not take long for the vessels to come in. So, hurriedly arranging a flower in her hair and fastening the most beautiful wreath she had ever made about her

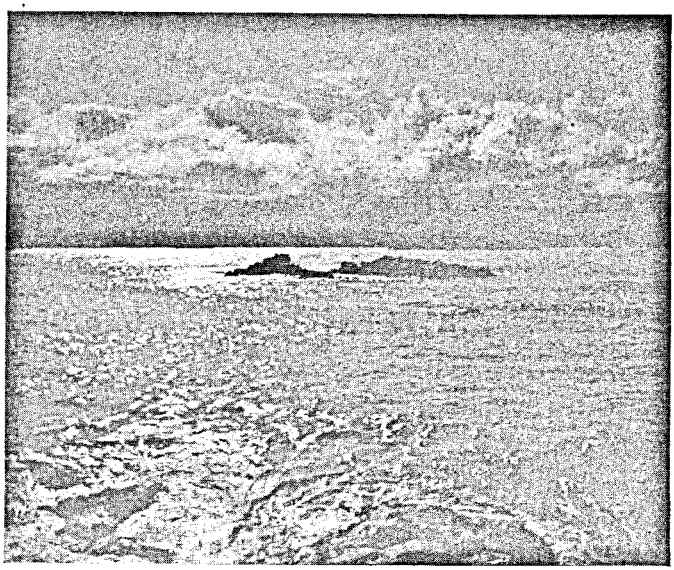
shoulders, she started for the small wharf, reaching it as the steamer came slowly round the last turn of the reef. She stopped abruptly on beholding it and suddenly drew back among the crowd of natives unobserved, half hiding her face under a heavy tarpaulin which covered the bags of copra piled high for shipment. The moments dragged by as she waited with bated breath. She thought she heard the distinct throbbing of her heart, each individual thump sounding like a blow. A peculiar dull pain clutched at her throat—such a pain which surges up at the suppression of needful tears; she picked nervously at the flowers of her wreath, till they fell scattering at her feet, and her hands seemed chilled and numb. She heard the rattling of chains, the dropping of the anchor, the squeaking of bumpers, the rough voices of the wharf-hands making fast.

And then the gangway was lowered and the passengers were beginning to descend. Alafi must be coming down, but she was too happily afraid to look.

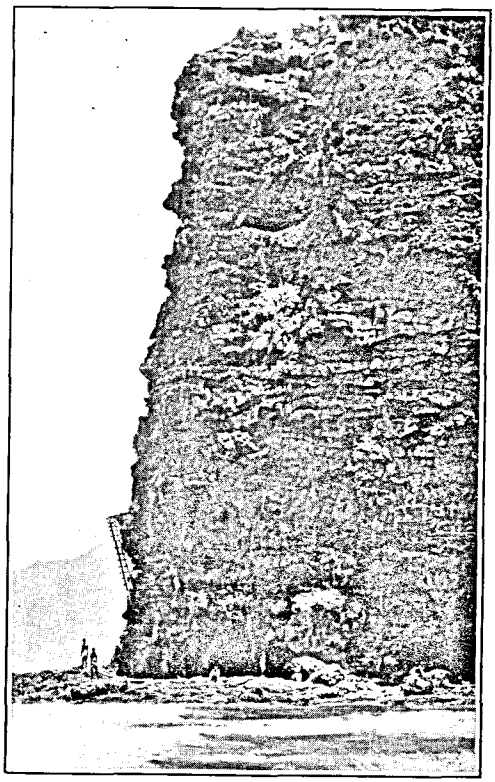
Presently just where she stood concealed, a group passed. She heard a ripple of feminine laughter, and inhaled a new and dainty perfume. Then a voice, low and sweet, said jokingly:

"Yes, indeed, I am glad to have arrived at my journey's end. And my husband is disappointed to have to come back, he says. My, but these Tongan women are ugly. My husband told me so, but I never expected he was telling me the truth."

Wafu caught enough of the speech to understand the meaning, for she had learned much from Alafi, and was beginning to prepare to step out



"During the tense oppressive hours of the night she stole out to listen to the donkey engines of the steamer."



"Some fishermen found an effeminate upper garment on the beach."

and search for him when something happened that froze her to the spot.

Bolo came up, one of the Tongan townsmen, and in her native tongue she heard Alafi speak—her own Alafi, who at last had come back,—

"Come," he said, after joking a little in his old familiar way, "Bolo, I want to introduce you to my wife!"

* * * * *

That night, as the man and his wife sat in the artistic cottage a soft knock was heard on the door.

A young Tongan child, with sad eyes, entered, bearing a woven tray, and upon it lay a letter and a small ring of chased gold.

The man carelessly broke the seal, and read the simple line:

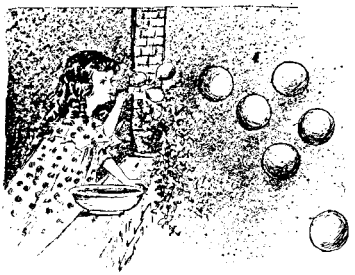
"Wear it, and forget me. I have paid the price of love."

Wafu was never seen again. A short while after, some fishermen found a vala-skirt and an effeminate upper-garment, gaily trimmed with cotton lace, and to which was attached a small gold-plated pin. But if it happened to be Wafu, she was only a native girl!

RAPTURE

LET me enfold thee in my arms, dear love,
Upon the threshold of this throbbing night,
With naught but sable, starry skies above,
Nothing below but rapturous delight.
Let me but breathe the perfume of thy hair,
Soft web of dreams, enveloping my heart,
Nestling my cheek against thy brow so fair,
Gently, reflectingly, ere I depart.
Let me drink deep into thy serious eyes,
Yon stars are feeble in comparison,
Thy lips to mine, sweetheart, this moment dies,
Merging thy soul and my soul into one!

BUBBLES



A WINDOW, two blue eyes and sunny hair,—
She laughs in childish glee
To watch her bubbles float into the air,
Her sweetheart joining in the revelry.

The little boy looks toward the window-pane,
Stretching forth his chubby hands in vain.

"Behold, a parable!" remarked the man;
"You women play
"With hearts, and say:
"'Just catch mine, if you can!"

BUT soon the boy grew weary of her play
And his humiliation, so he turned,
Then, spying other children, skipped away,
Wise, from the brief lesson he had learned.
The little girl leaned o'er the window sill,
To break her bowl, and all her pleasure spill.

"Behold, a parable!" replied the maid;
"See you again
"The way of men,
"And how the game is played."